twenty years this most uncomplaining of Heaven's creatures had lived a life of quiet, helpless suffering. It had refined her till she was like a lily—the whitest human being I ever saw, with a pure, plain, teserved face, lying there placid in her bed, the pale, brown hair smoothly and neatly ordered, the hands long, white, and thin, with the delicate nails of a lady. Her voice was low and pleasant, toe, not a jar of complaining in it, not an approach to whimper or impatience. I reverenced Miss Sarah as a real saint, although the chinks and walls about her were papered with "penny dreadfuls" which she had read during those motionless years—picture papers of the rankest sensational type.

nsational type.
Miss Sarah's bed occupied one corner of the Miss Sarah's bed occupied one corner of the big square room, and the bed for the old folks the other, with a small high window between. At the foot of the old folks' bed was the front door, with its primitive fastening—latch and bobbin—and opposite, at the foot of Miss Sarah's bed, the door leading into the second room of the log house, which was dining-room and kitchen together. The fourth side of the room was taken up by a large stone chimney eight or ten feet wide, with a fireplace three or four feet deep, and by two small windows, one on each side of the fire.

The old mother had her regular seat by this fire place, and whether I found her there in Summer time, when only a few embers glowed

five place, and whether I found her there in Summer time, when only a few embers glowed among the ashes, or in Winter, when the great "back-log" simmered slowly and the lesser ones roared and blazed merrily, her trusty pipe was never far from her hand. I did not like Mrs. Gray when I first made this lady's acquaintance I admit, but she "grew upon" me. At first she almost alarmed me—so frait and sickly was she, with such a flacid white cheek and faded white hair, covered with a spotless, dead-white cap, but with dark deep eyes which dead-white cap, but with dark deep eyes which dead-white cap, but with dark deep eyes which had a way of resting upon you with a serious, not to say malignant, fixedness; these dark, fixed eyes, and a large brown mole or so contrasting strangely with her pale complexion. She spoke little, and the little she said came forth suddenly and unexpectedly. Altogether she seemed to me an uncanny old

The old man was always as cheerful, on the contrary, as the sparkle of a Winter fire. He is a tiny, brown old man, whose general aspect suggests that he was bigger once and has shrivelled to his present proportions. He is a great gossip, and always comes in to talk when I go to see Miss Sarah, sitting in a low rush-bottomed chair, a broad-brinimed felt hat on his gray head, no cont on his back, but wearing a plain homespin cotton shirt, an old pair of gray breeches and a waisteoat; he wipes his mouth and shaven chin a good deal, as he talks, with his trembing old brown hand, and looks at you with twinking brown eyes where hife and vivacity still inneer, though the old man has passed his eightieth year.

"Yes, it was fifty-three year ago that we come here to settle," the old man said.
"The ground was all maiden-cane and peavines then, an' the cattle roamed through the country in herds. This house had been built and one ager fenced in, but not cleared, when I The old man was always as cheerful, on the

vines then, an' the cattle roamed through the country in herds. This house had been built an' one acre fenced in, but not cleared, come here an' bought it. Thar wa'n't no neighbors for miles an' miles. Thar was only newhouses in a settlement what Decatur is now. An' thar was all kyinds o' wild beasts in the woods around. An' deer! I've shot a fine buck standin' here in my house door, as they dashed right across below yonder what

the widow lives now."
"Wasn't it dangerous to let the cattle roam

"Wasn't it dangerous to let the cattle roam around loose, in those times?" I queried, in order to keep him talking.

"Well, every man owned more'n he could house; thar was a hundred or more runnin' loose with each man's mark on 'em; an' the owners'd all git together an' divide off and brand the caives in the reg'lar season, an' git up a lot to send off to seil. Thar was lots of profit for little work. The cattle wa'n't no way harmed—not often. Sometimes a wolf'd way harmed-not often. Sometimes a wolf 'd git after a new-born calf, but it 'd blate, an' git after a new-born carr, but he d blace, and he's mother 'd low, an' try to defend it, an' all the herd 'd come runnin' together an' gather around, an' the wolf'd get out, for feat o' tramplin' to death. The most dangerousest thing I ever hearn tell of around here was when some neighbors o' mine that lived about when some neighbors of mine that fived about sixteen mile off set out to hunt up their cattle—a woman, 't was, an' her son. They each tuk thar guns an' set out——"

"Did the woman know how to shoot a gun, too?" I rashly queried.

"Shoot?—Like smoke! That what I'm tellin' rel_she was standing off they the woods.

"Shoot?—Like smoke! That what I'm tellin' ye!—She was standin' off thro' the woods, some distance from her son, when she noticed there was a motion in the leaves not far from him, an' lookin' sharp she saw what it was—a painter jus' wigglin' its tail an' crouchin', to spring on her boy. She was the coolest, spryest hand you ever see. She levelled her gun—ker-bang! An' the painter jumped an' rolled an' bit the dust. She killed him dead as a door-nail, that woman did; shot him right thio!"

"Pa, you might tell about the time the

spiller par "Warring" on the fall participation of the fall participat

Acharacter-And a Question.

And it may deposite the process of the

He reentered as she spoke with a basket in his hand, which he brought to me.

"Here's some groun'-peas for you, Miss Alexanders," he said, setting them down by me. "I done fust rate in groun'-peas this year. These is just fresh dug, an' I want you should eat some."

"May be Miss Alexanders likes hern roasted," he wider said. "Some folks does. I buil The imperious stanton."

hung 'em up on a nail in the chimbley here, to pehtsh (perish); an' they told me that when these nine should pehish all the rest would pehish too; an' I tried it; an' shore enough, The very last one of 'em was

they did. The very last one of 'em was cleaned out!"

"Yes, they was, Miss Alexanders, for a certain fact," the widow added.

"Well, I am glad of it, for the sake of the cabbage." I said, "though it does seem a little uncommon, doesn't it?"

"Uncommon things is common as others, concirous "abruntly eigenlated the oracle by

sometimes," abruptly ejaculated the oracle by

That's so," I said, meekly. "Mr. Gray,

the fireside.

"That's so," I said, meekly. "Mr. Gray, did you ever see a ghost?"

"Well, I can tell you what I've seen as was pretty like it," the old man said, with a demure twinkle in his eye. "It was when I was a young man sprucm' up' an' I had been out pretty late. My way home laid by a grave-yard. Thar'd been talk o' ghost-seein' round thar, but 'twas the nigh path home, an' I concluded to try it, for 'twas betwixt midnight and daybreak, an' I was hurryin' along. I knowed every one that was burried in that grave-yard, an' as I come along I kep' studyin' to see if thar was any in thar as I'd ever done nny harm to, an' I couldn't find any as I had, an' I thought as I'd never done them no harm they wouldn't do me none, an' I pushed along. The moon was pretty nigh down an' it was a lonesome way, an' for all I was so boid, it seemed to me 's if every now and then my hat would lift right clean up off'in my head, an' I'd take hold an' pull it down.

"All of a sinden inst by the gravevard, I

take hold an' pull it down.
"Ail of a sudden, just by the graveyard, I thought I saw a sperit! Twar white an' thin, thought I saw a sperit! I war white an' thin, and shivered in the wind. My ha'r rose up, an' I stood still. But I thought I'd never done it no harm, an' I try an' face it. The moon was pretry finally gone down now, but not quite. I ventured a little nearer, an' kept a venturin', till I come close up. An' what do you think my ghost was I It was omy an old post that with little sprouts grown up around it, an' the leaves shakin' an' a dazzin' in the

mer took day, who had been listening of calmiy all through, without one sparkle in her eve, or one movement in her chatr, now took her pipe from her mouth, and said ab rupitly, as she always did:

"Silas, gi' Miss' Alexanders them locusts I had picked up for her last time the wind blee I so hard. Woar'd you put 'em t'

The old man got up and hobbied out at the door.

"Ma's remembered you said you hadn't had none since you were a little girl, and she wants you to have some now," Miss Starth gentle.

"Why, Mrs. Gray, how kind in you." I said.

"Why, Mrs. Gray, how kind in you." I said.

"Why, Mrs. Gray, how kind in you." I said.

"Had forgotten that I tody ou, but I renember now, you and delet you of here the down it it is not to the contrait Park, when I was a little girl, didn't I I wonder if they will taste just as those did now?

"Por you know, old friend, I haven't esten Misteries since the benoamt low of suptiming sweet in the mouth could sweeten All this batter word to a boy."

The widow now came im—a plain-faced, good-natured woman, wenting a Bismarch brown dress and a "false front" of hair very much the same color. She greeted me heartly, and presented me a big with clean, long how move cane in part with the sweet of the old woman upon me. It was the well-remembered me had the well-remembe

A STORY OF LINCOLN.

The imperious stanton, then Secretary of War, teek a tancy one day to a house in Washington that Lamen had just bargained for. He ordered the latter to vacate instanter. Lamen, not only did not vacate, but went to Stanton and said he would kill him if he interfered with the house. Stanton was furious at the threat, and made it known at once to Linealn. The latter said to the astonished War Secretary: "Well, Stanton, if Ill has said he will kill you be certainly will, and I'd advise you to prepare for death without further delay." The fresident promised, however, to do what he could to appease the murderous marshal, and this was the end of Stanton's attempt on the house. From The Denver News.

YEAST AND THE BOY.

Charles Dudley Warner in The Hartford Courant.
The yeast cake has wrought interests of Charles Dudley Warner in The Hartford Courant.

The yeast cake has wrought interesting domestic changes. If there is a once good boy, anything over twenty years of age to-day, who does not remember "going for yeast" when he was told to, we should be pleased to learn his name. If there is a once bad boy of similar age who does not remember siruking this responsible duty, losing the pail, suffering headache excessive, delegating his younger brothers and sisters for the work, and even flatly refusing to obey, be, toe, is a rarity. The yeast pail with its concurrent plarinages was for generations a means of dreipline in every household. It humbled the minds of the young while it developed their bodies and the jungle of the pennics was an inspiration irresistible to tin savings banks and a spirit of economy.

At one turn the yeast cake has driven out the pail—turned pail so to speak, but still succeeded.

At one turn the yeast cake has driven out the pail—turned pail so to speak, but still succeeded. The grocer takes the order and the next day takes the cake to the house. It is noisciess. It never spills. Even when accidental necessity compels a trip after it, it goes in the pocket and brings no humiliation. Boys and girls brought up without the yeast pail can hardly have the character of those who have been so tried. They will not be bred as we were. As the yeast cake now condenses yeast, so the yeast pail then condensed the trials of childhood. There was no escaping from it, no getting without the pale or going without one. The boy had to come to it, and carry it, and bring it home. Never boy wanted to and never boy that did not do it.

In a sense the boy brought up the yeast, but in a greater, nobler sense, the yeast brought up the boy.

In a sense the boy brought up the years, out in a greater, nebler sense, the yeast brought up the boy. And all this is over. It comes now in trafoil, and the boy who has to get it can pretend he has chewing tobacce and be a little wickeder with it than without. But human character is still forming. The children of to-day will be the men of the next generation. The hope of the present and the future is that in the improved bread of these days by praterial means there may come a sufficient moral nesterial means there may come a sufficient moral gain to the race to atone for the loss or obviate the need of this past means of grace through discipline

good-bye to his girl, a genial neighbor stopped him
—a woman, of course, Calcraft bitteriy interpolated
—and revealed to the lover who his impending
father-in-law was. The fellow went away, and
never came back. The girl was miserable, and the
poor old hangman was doubly miserable, partly in
sympathy for his child's suffering, partly in remorse
for his own share in bringing it about. Here is the
theme for a tragedy in the hands of a man like Mr.
Wills.

DORIS.

I sat with Doris the shepherd maiden;
Her crook was laden with wreathed flowers.
I sat and wood her through sunlight wheeling,
And shadows stealing, for hours and hours.

And she, my Doris, whose lap incloses Wild Summer roses of rare perfume,
The while I sued her, kept hushed and hearkened
Till shades had darkened from gloss to gloom.

She touched my shoulder with fearful finger, She said: "We linger; we must not stay; My flock's in danger, my sheep will wander, Behold them yonder—how far they stray!"

I answered bolder, "Nay, let me hear you, And still be near you and still adore; No wolf nor stranger will touch one yearling; Ah! stay, my dearling, a moment more."

She whispered sighing, "There will be sorrow Beyond to-morrow, if I lose to-day. My fold unguarded, my flock unfolded, I shall be scolded, and sent away."

Said I. replying, "If they do miss you, They ought to kiss you, when you get home; And well rewarded by friend and neighbor Should be the labor from which you come."

"They might remember," she answered meckly,
"That lambs are weakly, and sheep are wild;
But if they love me it's none so fervent;
I am a servant, and not a child."

Then each hot ember glowed quick within me, And love did win me to swift reply; "An! do but prove me and none shall bind you, Nor fray, nor find you until I die."

She blushed and started, and stood awaiting As if debating in dreams divine;
But I did brave them—I told her plainly
She doubted vainly; she must be mine.

So we twin-hearted, from all the valley
Did chase and raily the nibbing ewes,
And homeward drave them, we two together.
Through blooming heather and gleaning dews.

That simple duty such grace did lead her—
My Deris tender my Doris true;
That I, her warder, did always bless her
And often press her to take her due. And now in beauty she fills my dwelling-

With love excelling and undefiled:
And love doth guard her both fast and fervent—
No more a servant, nor yet a child.
I. Musey. A. J. MUNDY.

THE MYSTERIOUS CUSTOMER.

AN ACTOR'S MAD-CAP ADVENTURE.

AN ACTOR'S MAD-CAP ADVENTURE.

Mr. J. L. Trose in The Stage Door.

I was playing Mr. Spicer Leasford in "Artini Cards," and you know in the second act he goes to an evening party, and he has bought a pair of white kid gloves—regular party-going gloves, warranted not to spit, at oue-and-six. But they do spit, and here is the fun of the introduction of those consteal articles called hand-shoes by the matter-of-fact Germans.

The gloves were necessary for the fun of the play; they must be split, or there is no fun; and Insunfly keep a dozen pairs ready in case of emergency, as I have to split them before going upon the stage.

When acting in a celebrated provincial town, where they are extremely critical and particular down to the smallest detail, my dresser told me that I had no gloves; I had used them all.

It was a dreadfully wel night, pouring cats and dogs, and all the best shaps were shut up; so, I told the coachman to stop at the first glove-snop he came to. We came to a hait at a miscrable-looking fourthmate shop, where they sold cheep braces and mouldy neckties, fly-blown shirts, and the most alarming mass shots fixed into card-board.

The proportion of this dingy emporium was just about to close, and setmed half-asleep. I could see at once he was a surly, ill-certain oned tellow, and I don't think I improved his temper by making my request year particity and in a low tone, accompanied.

He shuddered again.

"Give me another pair." I said, fiercely, as if I were thirsting for destruction.

"Will you have a larger size! Do," he murmured. "Don't hurt them," he added, with real

pathos. "No." I said, melodramatically. "Otve me some larger scissors?"
I saw a large pair of scissors on the counter, and, I saw a large pair of scissors on the counter, and, seizing them, cut away at two or three pairs as eagerly as a child entting up paper. The more I cut, the more puzzled and distressed he looked. "There, that will do," said I, throwing down the money and pocketing the gloves.
"Will you have any paper! Oh! dear!" he roared, as if the scissors had been ripping him open, and he was recovering from the shock.
"No, indeed, not I. Belinda shail be revenged!" I groaned between my teeth. "Thus will I destroy my hated rival."

He backed away from me as I waved the scissors

I groaned between my teeth. "Thus will I destroy my hated rival."

He backed away from me as I waved the scissors in the air, and I could see by his terrified face that he thought I was stark staring mad. As I was leaving the shop I looked out and said,

"It's a lovely morning, isn't it!" It was 7 o'clock in the evening, and raining in torrents.

"Don't taik nousense, sir." he replied angrily, but evidently very frightened and astonished.

With a hideous grimace I left the shop and jumped into the carriage. In five minutes I was at the theatre, trying to amuse the audience with the perplexities of Mr. Spicer Rumford, while the puzzled shopman was brooding in the little back parior over this stange adventure with his "Mysterious Customer."

SENATOR EDMUNDS AS A BOY OF PROMISE.

A Letter in The Rutland Herald and Globe.

Anecdotes about our public men seem to be appreciated by the public. I have in mind something concerning Senator Edmunds, uttered by one of his teachers and friends years ago when the Senator was a beardless boy. His prophecy has been well verified. A gentleman, well known in Rutland County, had occasion to visit Eichmond. On his way thither, having business with the late Hon. 8. 8, Phelps, he asked him whom he could find in Richmond to draw up some legal papers correctly. He was told that the Hon. Mr. Maynard, of Richmond, was the man who could do his business properly; accordingly on his arrival in R., he repaired to Mr. Maynard's office and stated his wishes. Said Mr. M. to a student at law in his office, "George, here are some papers I want made out." The caller, with much concern, for he considered his papers of great importance and did not wish any botch should be made of them, remarked to Mr. M... "I don't want a boy to make them out; Judge Phelps told me you would do the business as it should be done, and I am anxious about them." Mr. M. answered: "You call that young man a loy; so he is, but I want you to watch his future progress. By and by you will hear of him in the Legislature; he will be in the Spacker's chair, in the Senate, and a Judge of the Supreme Court. He will be in the Senate of the United States, and very likely he will be in the Cabinet, and possibly he will so higher." I am not sure that he made out those papers, but he has filled out the major part of the plan then proposed, with fair promise of doing the rest.

describes nothing worse than was brought to light at the time of the mutinies on board the Nouville Pénélope and the Dolores Ugarte. The innortality on the voyages has always been acknowledged to be enormous; and if we reckon the losses by wreck, mutiny, suited and fire, the estimate of 50 per cent will probably not be any great exaggeration. But those who survive the voyage find that its termination brings no alleviation of their sufferings. Immediately on landing they are marked off to the marks, where they are made to stand stripped, that their "points" may be inspected by planters, who hire them on lease. Their daily life is one of incessant voil. At 4 in the morning they begin their work, and with scarcely a cessation they labor on until 10 at night, when they retreat to the close, feid cabins in which they are compelled to sleep. At the captice of their masters, or as punishment for offences, they are subjected to cruel tortures. Outrage is heaped upon them, and the law to which they naturally look for protection gives them no redress. Truly it may be said of them that "they look for judgment and behold oppression." Thus bereft of all hope, despair drives them to suicide. Some throw themselves in the bedding sigar caldrons, others drown themselves in the sea, and the railways farnish yet another way of gaining relief from the tylandy which crushes them.

Such are the accusations brought by the author of "Living Heils" against the crupps at Macao and the coole owners in Cuba and Fern. In corroboration of each act of cruelty he gives the name of a sufferer who has endured it, and in some cases the evidence of the men themselves. The lituary which crushes them.

Such are the captic of the control of the color of th

con't think I improved his temper by inciting my request very carnestly and in a low tone, accompanied by a gibberish which he could not inderstand.

I heard him muttering to himself, "What does he mean! the man's a foot." When suddenly, as a better the mean! the man's a foot." When suddenly as a better to the st. Louis Globe D-mocrat.

One of the signs of the times, and a fact upon the was bettered provided by a gibberish temper, I said, or dominas," and the man's a foot." When suddenly as a better to the st. Louis Globe D-mocrat.

One of the signs of the times, and a fact upon the was better the st. Louis Globe D-mocrat.

One of the signs of the times, and a fact upon the was been as a sign of the times, and a fact upon the was the man's a foot." He three the provided with the wrong.

He groped about until at last, when he was red with the exerticu, he found a forgotten box of white kirk. They were uncommonly dusty, and had the wrong the contract of the st. Louis Globe D-mocrat.

He groped about until at last, when he was red was the man's grow of the white himself the wint had the wrong.

He groped about until at last, when he was red with the wrong.

He groped about until at last, when he was red with the wrong the contract of the st. Louis Globe D-mocrat.

He shoulders and so of the signs of the times, and a feat upon the white himself the louist him, and the was the man's grow of the winter and the wrong the standard of the white himself the standard part of the st. Louis Globe D-mocrat.

One of the signs and a feat upon the was the mank and the provised with the heards many the white himself the late the many the himself the himself the late until the white himself the

From a Letter to The Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The capitol at Tailequah is bad enough. Quite equal, it is to be hoped, in dirt, spirtcoms and general lack of respectability, to other state Houses. Pipes and eight were smoked as a necessary accompaniment to legislation, and even feet were elevated upon the table about which Senators sat, as essential to masculine sovereignty. But these disagreeables did not prevent business, nor our interest in things essential. The faces—the look of the Indian—never seemed so distinctive, so strongly marked. Many wore their hair long, even among younger men. It was carefully kept, without gloss, dark, soft, straight, abundant, parted in the middle and flowing over the shoulders. The lower story of and flowing over the shoulders. The lower story of the Council House is devoted to the Senate and House of Representatives; the upper to executive office, Supreme Court, committee rooms, as on

House of Representatives; the apper to executive edice, Supreme Court, committee rooms, as on "Education," etc.

We were present at the opening of the laily session of the Senate. The chaplain, some one said an exchief, offered prayer in the Cherokee language. All the business transacted is given first in English, and then rendered into Cherokee by an interpreter—a process, of course, taking much time, but quite necessary, as there are many who understand but one of the languages. Before business, the ubiquitous newspaper, printed in both English and Cherokee, occupied the hands and attention of many, as well as eight or pipe. It was a matter of some surprise, as soon as the prayer was over, which was long and fervent, to see a eight deliberately lighted and puffed while the minutes were being read. I believe this was by the same one who stretched his feet upon the table. Perhaps he was some degenerate Cherokee—I noticed he did not look much like one—who, without these preliminaries, could not attend to business. The general air was of decorum. The grave demeaner of the Indian seemed peculiarly fitting this place of serious deliberation and law-making.

HOW THE RUSSIANS KEEP WARM.

selves into the bolling sigar caldrons, others drown themselves in the sea, and the railways drain's which crashes them.

Such are the accusations brought by the further of the accusations brought by the further of the collections brought by the further of the collection of the collection brought by the further of the collection of the collection brought by the further of the collection of the collection

GAUTIER'S LAST BITTER HOURS.

From Temple Bar.

The closing bours of his life were overshadowed by a premature gloom, the forerunner of darkness eternal. He grew sombre and silent—he, the gay bluqueur, the life and soul of every assembly in which he set foot! The jest died on his lips, the laughter in his eyes; he was no longer the animated creature of old, but a wan and weary spectre of himself. His friend, Ernest Feydeau, brought one day to him his little daughter, to distract the poet, who was passionately tond of children. Gautier played a little while with the child's lovely flaxen ringlets, and then fell into a reverte, seemingly oblivious of everything. Then, without apparent cause, he began a bitter tirade against ife and society, and the folly of humankind.

"And what is the reason of all this f" inquires his astonished friend.

The poet answers, with his mournful gaze fixed

The poet answers, with his mournful gaze fixed on vacancy;
"Your little daughter, who is exquisite, and who enters the world at a moment when intelligent beings esteem themselves happy to get out of it?"

STARTELING NOBILITY IN SPAIN.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

We have already said that a title was never a thing of much importance in itself in Spain; and the lavish manner in which they have been granted during the last hundred years or so has certainly not tended to raise its value. The number largely exceeds the united perages of England, Scotland, and Ireland; and it is probable that the list does not include all the men in Spain who might write themselves baron or count if they chose. There are many men who prefer to drop a title ridiculously at variance with their fortunes. You may be shaved by a marquis or waited upon at a table d'flote by a baron; and this, though all the sons of a noble do not inherit his title, as is the case in some countries. This must happen when titles are given to men who have no fortune. The older nobles infuse to receptive these new men as their equals. While they address one another in the, endearing second person singular used only by very intimate friends, they give the new count his titles with maticious clubonation of detail. The people think wondrous little of such marks of honor; indeed, they scarcely know them in some cases. Nobedy ever thought of speaking of Expertere as Duke of Vectory, or Finnes of Vergara, though all the world knew those titles know them in the title is never mentioned at all. The children will in all probability drop it it their father can leave them no fortune.

Perhaps the fact that these honors, if they can be